

The Times-Dispatch

Published every day in the year by
The Times-Dispatch Publishing Co., Inc.
THE TIMES, Founded 1828
THE DISPATCH, Founded 1850
Address all communications
THE TIMES-DISPATCH
Telephone, Randolph 1.
Publication Office, 10 S. Tenth Street
South Richmond, 1929 Hull Street
Petersburg, 109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg, 218 Eighth Street

HASBROOK, STORY & BROOKS, INC.,
Special Advertising Representatives,
New York, 200 Fifth Avenue
Philadelphia, 1220 Market Street
Chicago, 110 N. Dearborn Street

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Postage Paid. Year, Mo. Mo. Mo.
Daily and Sunday, \$6.00 \$3.00 \$1.50
Daily only, 1.00 2.00 1.00
Sunday only, 2.00 1.00 .50

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in
Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg:
Daily with Sunday, one week, 15 cents
Daily without Sunday, one week, 10 cents
Sunday only, 5 cents

Entered January 27, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as
second-class matter under act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1914.

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The Diplomatic Trust

AMERICAN diplomacy may have been the laughingstock of Europe a few months ago, but it appears now to be the one hope of Europe. The American embassy looks after Austrian interests in Paris and after French interests in Vienna. It takes care of Germans in Paris and French in Berlin. It is, as the New York World remarks, "the diplomatic trust of Europe." An idealistic diplomacy is sometimes better than no diplomacy at all. A golden rule foreign policy sometimes has its advantages. Even a George Fred Williams could probably be utilized somewhere else than in Albania.

Pay for Civic Employees

NEW YORK has decided that its municipal employees need money often than once a month, so henceforth the ghost will take a semimonthly promenade. One of the underlying causes of this change, which will mean a great deal of added clerical labor, is the hope that with more frequent pay days there will be fewer victims of loan sharks among the city's workers, who afford such desirable prey to the gentry who thrive on the need for ready cash among those that are paid a regular and sure salary. Of course, the chronic borrower will never die, but New York is doing what it can to make the loan shark's calling unprofitable.

Foraker Defeated

THE defeat of former United States Senator Foraker this week in the Republican senatorial primaries in Ohio was not unexpected. Foraker represented a past age, ideas and ideals now consigned to the scrap heap. He was not a criminal; he was not even worse than many others of his time, but his times are gone. Men in public life today must be free of all entangling alliances; they must be free of connection with big private enterprises while serving the nation; they must choose between one of two masters. They cannot serve both. So Foraker was defeated.

Some linger on in loneliness, without great influence and without following. One by one they are falling by the wayside, and, though here and there a renaissance of circumstances may keep them in office, it is a rare incident, indeed, when, once defeated, they can come back. An ex-champion of the prize ring is no more without hope of retrieving former glories than they. They seldom, if ever, come back.

Sanity and Honesty

SOME called it impossible idealism. Others sneered at it as schoolmaster ideas of government. Cowardice and lack of patriotism, shrieked the Hearst yellows. Sanity, most of us call it now—sanity and honesty. Lack of balance, lack of calm judgment, lack of honesty—those things have plunged Europe into war. The possession of those things by President Wilson kept this nation out of war.

Five letters spell Woodrow Wilson's ideas of dealing with individuals, and those same five letters spell the word upon which is based his foreign policy. Those five letters are F-I-D-E-L-I-T-Y.

Chicanery and Machiavellian diplomacy, trickiness, cunning attempts to get ahead of others, desire for what belongs not to them and the exercise of all the tricks in the Metternich system of diplomatic dealing to attain that desire have characterized the dealings of European nations with each other. Ethically, diplomats in Europe are horse traders. The new American principle is different. It is based upon the theory that intercourse between nations is ruled by the same ideas of right and wrong as is intercourse between individuals. President Wilson did what was right. He gave every nation its due, and demanded nothing but what was our due. He applied the ordinary canons to national and foreign relations. And all the time he kept his head.

The difference in results can be ascertained by glancing first at Europe and then at the United States.

Born But to Die

IN France a new political party can be established by pretty much anybody who has an interesting personality and the control of a newspaper, and, as a consequence, ministries come and go with a smooth rapidity which is as interesting as it is unenviable. In the United States, however, third parties have always proven abortive, and Mr. Roosevelt knows his history and the temper of his countrymen so well that he is even now showing those dental appointments of his in the most languishing of smiles at poor, buffeted and dismayed Miss Elephanta.

The Colonel knows that the country grins at the thought of a Progressive party candidate in 1916, and he is likewise aware that when the electorate begins to grin at a candidate, that person is headed straight for the wolfish limbo of "has-beens," unless he can wipe off the smile and make the voters take him seriously again. And that is what the Colonel proposes to do in the only way open to him, to wit, by getting back into the Republican fold.

The failure of Mr. Roosevelt's third party lies solely in the fact that he could not find an issue on which it could stand before the country. "Vote for Me" is not enough as

a party platform. To promise the voters everything has neither originality nor voting power in a country like this, with its frequent elections and as fine an assortment of ground and lofty promise-makers as the world has ever seen.

The Colonel needed a great idea, something that would fire the hearts and imaginations of men. With such an idea the third party would have been the dominant party. But no such great idea came to the Colonel, nor even to that resolute Armageddonian, Mr. Perkins.

And so, in the not very distant future, when a memorial stone will be appropriate for Colonel Roosevelt's personally conducted party, the epitaph should be, "Died—for the Lack of a Great Idea," to which it might be proper to add these two more or less apophthegmatic sentences: "Great Ideas Are Born, Not Manufactured," and "Great Ideas Come Only to Great Men."

Vampires of the Nation

SYMPATHY on the part of the people of the United States for those engaged in the European war has been diverted, and their indignation has been aroused by the base attempt of certain Americans to increase the anxieties and add to the burdens of their countrymen by raising the price of foodstuffs. At least the soldiers and sailors of the warring powers, in their efforts to inflict injury, expose themselves to the danger of wounding and death, while even their rulers stand to lose much of that in which they take national and dynastic pride; but our own commercial marauders, safe in a fancied security from interference, have everything to gain and nothing to lose, from a pecuniary standpoint, from which alone they view the troubles of their fellows. From the standpoints of morality, humanity and national and private honor, they have everything to lose and nothing to gain.

Although the wheat crop has passed all previous records, and exportations of wheat from the United States have practically ceased, these ruthless men have sent the price of flour up to a point that would be justifiable only in time of famine. All other crops, it is estimated, will reach an average yield, yet all food products have been forced up almost to starvation prices by this combination of American dealers.

They are gambling on a certainty; speculating on the "sure thing" of human necessity, and betting on the very essentials of existence. They are prepared all the while to win by any means, fair or foul, subtle or "strong-armed," and they should be dealt with by the officers of Federal and State law as a common enemy.

Fortunately, there are both measures and men in this country for the protection of its people. In describing the attempt to raise artificially the price of foodstuffs, President Wilson used strong words, but they are no stronger than the occasion and a righteous indignation demand. And, in asking for information as to existing laws and for suggestions as to Federal legislation that might be justifiable and warrantable, the President indicated very clearly a course of action on his part that would look to a saving of the people from their enemies at home. Further, the Mayor of the country's financial centre has taken steps to probe this festering combination. When other States fall into line and aid the Federal authorities in their investigations and preventive measures, the way will be made clear to beat off these vampires of the nation.

Jaures, a Big Figure

JEAN JAURES, the leader of the French Socialists, assassinated recently in Paris, was one of the commanders of socialism not only in his own country, but throughout the world.

He was an especially notable figure in debate in the Chamber of Deputies. Vigorous and fearless of speech, well-informed, inclusive of phrase, few politicians cared for a tilt with him. His announcement of intention to make a set speech usually was the signal to crowd the chamber. The man's combativeness in behalf of peace, if one may employ a paradox, was undoubtedly responsible for his untimely taking off. In season and out, Jaures has preached of the waste, the folly and the injustice of war, as it affected the masses. He has used rough and unparaphrased criticism. He has not neglected to mention high in station. The incident whereby France came near being involved with Germany, because of the Kaiser's refusal to let Jaures preach against militarism in Germany, still is fresh in the public memory.

It is a curious reflection of the satire of fate that a man preaching Jaures's propaganda should go to his death at this particular time, when it seems, superficially at least, that his determined counsels have been wasted, and that the war spirit has Europe in a veritable maul.

In the end, the death of Jaures will not have been wasted. Not at this moment, but after the present tumult shall have subsided, men will pay more attention to his doctrines, study them more intelligently and realize their soundness with greater precision.

All this does not mean that one need approve the other socialist theories of the Frenchman. Many of them were pernicious; more were impracticable; a few, like the antiwar agitation, were ahead of their time.

But in the great essentials, the man had a mission and a message, and he will be proved ultimately to have discharged the one and delivered the other. As against that accomplishment, his shortcomings may be neutralized.

The Two Germans

NO finer devotion of the undoubted sympathy of the people of this country for the allies in the great struggle now waging in Europe has been written than that made by the New York Evening Post, long an outspoken admirer of Germany and the German peoples. The Post declares that it was the Germany of Kant, of Goethe, the heroes of the revolution of 1848, the Germany of the scientists, philosophers and musicians to which the world is so heavily indebted, and which the world so greatly admires, and not the Germany of the Kaiser, of the militarists, of the big navy league, for which it has spoken.

To that most of us will subscribe. The German immigrants to this country have made splendid citizens. None have made better. The Germans who remained in the Fatherland have placed the world under obligations to them. There have been no greater lovers of freedom than they. All the world knows of the Germans like Carl Schurz and Sigel and their compatriots, and all the world pays them honor. But the world regards the present Kaiser, his heir and their advisers as constituting a menace to its peace and safety, and it regards the present war as a war against that Germany.

WAYSIDE CHATS WITH OLD VIRGINIA EDITORS

"The American tourists this year are getting some thrills not put down in the guidebooks," the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch says, reflectively. But think of the infinite satisfaction they derive from seeing some of those voracious and rapacious guides impressed for military service.

Even the staid Norfolk Virginian-Pilot finds material in the European situation from which to manufacture jests at the expense of tourists. It says: "The probabilities are that when the present European conflict is over more than one of the countries involved therein will have a new assortment of 'tourists' to show the globe-trotters from this and other new lands." The Virginian-Pilot's paragraph is evidently entertaining the suspicion that American sight-seers abroad, when peace shall have been restored, will be expected to help wipe out the war debts. "Follow the man from Cook's."

The Winchester Star has discovered what the matter with the war news. The Star says: "Never before was war made so swiftly wide. News of it comes from Japan, from Porto Rico, from Africa, from places where in old days news of hostilities might not travel for months." We had not noticed anything of importance bearing upon the big carnival Mars is pulling off in the Eastern Hemisphere, coming from the points designated. But, if the Star is getting a special service date lined as it indicates, let us rejoice. At last there is a competitor in the field against the steamer that brings news from inaccessible parts of the world to be disseminated "via Vancouver, B. C."

Under the caption, "A Bit of Information," we are rebuked to the length of half a column by the Franklin Chronicle (Democratic) in this week's issue of that justly celebrated weekly newspaper. The Chronicle (Democratic) says in the opening paragraph: "Among the millions of things The Times-Dispatch does not know is the political complexion of the Chronicle. For the enlightenment of this great journal, we will state that we are Democrats, that we have supported every nominee of the party, from the poor over-seer to President, since we were a voter." If it will afford the Franklin Chronicle (Democratic) any satisfaction, we are willing to concede that its party affiliations are what they are, and we freely acknowledge that its declaration qualifies it to participate in the next Democratic primary.

Pulaski wants a Flag Day. The Southwest Times of that bustling city says: "The city of Roanoke did the right thing when it gave \$600 for the purpose of making Flag Day a great success. What is the matter with Pulaski? We ought to have a Flag Day." Commendable example of elvish spirit, that exhortation. Follow the Flag Day.

"Now that the price of eyeglasses has gone up, it is more difficult than ever for some folks to see how they are going to make both ends meet," the Bristol Herald-Courier remarks. Yet some fellows we know will be sure to make spectacles of themselves without considering the cost.

WHAT WAS NEWS FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the Richmond Dispatch August 14, 1864.

There was nothing doing in front of Petersburg yesterday, except picket firing, and this was supposed to have been indulged in simply to break the monotony of the past few days. Congress by last night's train from Port Waltham junction, tell of dense clouds of dust that overhung the enemy's lines all day yesterday, which was believed to have been caused by army wagons moving back to City Point. They further reported much smoke hovering over and about the lines, and at night the glare of fires. The smoke and the glare of the fires were plainly observable last night from the Petersburg depot in this city. The inference is that the enemy were burning their base, preparatory to again changing their base, probably to the Potomac. Scouts report large demonstrations in the enemy's force in front of the city. It is probable that the whole Yankee army may pull up bag and baggage for another scene of operations.

The only news obtainable yesterday from the Valley of Virginia came through Northern papers, and they seem to know as little as we do of the operations of the armies in that quarter. The papers received make much of the affair at Moorefield.

The Northern papers report that there was a great deal of damage done by the Confederates in the burning of Chambersburg. The present burning of Chambersburg and Ohio Canal reports that the damage done to that line will keep over 100,000 tons of coal from Washington and other cities this shipping season.

A Confederate force, 200 strong, made a successful raid into Hagerstown, and a successful raid into the town, frightened the karriwan away, captured a good quantity of stores and burned big carloads of army supplies standing at the depot. The raid was in command of Captain Adrean.

A cavalry force from Sheridan's army has occupied the town of Martinsburg, and it is likely that the town will become Sheridan's headquarters. Sheridan has officially reported to Lincoln at Washington that his forces are moving out of the Shenandoah Valley against Early, and at 4 o'clock Wednesday skirmishing of a vigorous character was going on ten miles from Winchester.

General Grant has returned to his headquarters at City Point and officially reports from there the explosion of an ordnance boat by which a great quantity of ammunition was lost and many lives were sacrificed.

The New York World of the 11th, just received, tells that a special dispatch from Washington, which says: "The long pending quarrel between Mr. Blair and Mr. Stanton, of President Lincoln's Cabinet, has culminated in Stanton's resignation, which is in Mr. Lincoln's hands, but has not yet been accepted." Four hundred and twenty-five wounded Yankee soldiers, with their nurses, etc., left here yesterday on the flag of truce boat Schultz for Virginia, where they will be taken aboard a Northern steamer, and for whom an equal number of Confederates will be exchanged. Among the crowd that were taken from Castle Thunder for this exchange was the now famous Miss Mary E. Walker, surgeoness of the Fifty-second Ohio Regiment, the curious woman who wears men's clothes and men's hats, or as she is pleased to call her attire, "bloomers." When the Dr. Mary left Castle Thunder yesterday morning she thanked the officials for their tender treatment of her while she was a prisoner of war, then doffed her man's hat and gave a parting huzzah, showing that she had no regrets at parting from her Southern friends.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

The Case of Mr. Fitzpatrick.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir, In your issue of August 1 you quote a letter from Attorney-General John C. Calhoun, stating that it is his legal opinion "that in the election of division superintendents the State Board of Education is not confined to appointing those who are qualified voters in the division for which the superintendent is to be elected." In commenting upon this letter, your reporter makes the following statement:

"The question of selecting a superintendent of the division of the State Board of Education was raised in the State Board four years ago when F. B. Fitzpatrick was a candidate for division superintendent at Bristol. His candidacy was challenged, although there was no question as to his being the preferred candidate. The board, however, abiding by the opinion of Judge Williams then Attorney-General, did not

elect Mr. Fitzpatrick, but retained him as active, if not actual, division superintendent. When he established a residence and was a qualified voter, he was formally elected."
Your reporter is in error in stating that the candidacy of Mr. Fitzpatrick was four years ago, and that the State Board of Education refused to elect him for the reason mentioned. During my administration as State Superintendent of Public Instruction the board did not at any time refuse to elect a superintendent on the ground that he was not a qualified voter in the division to which he was elected. The case of Mr. Fitzpatrick arose after I resigned as State Superintendent. He was an applicant for the position of superintendent at Bristol in the spring of 1912.

The statement of your reporter in regard to the position of former Attorney-General William A. Anderson is correct. The fact that Attorney-General Anderson participated in several elections of superintendents to divisions in which the successful applicants were not qualified voters, plainly indicates the opinion he held in regard to the constitutional right of the State Board of Education. J. D. EGGLESTON.

Blackstone, August 13.

Income Publicity.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir, I notice that last year and this year publication has been made in the newspapers of the incomes received by the citizens of Richmond for State taxation. Permit me to say that this is a gross and unwarranted intrusion into the private affairs of those persons who are the amount of the income tax to taxation upon their incomes. They give this information to the Commissioner of Revenue of this city for his sole information, for such purposes as the Commonwealth needs, and it is perversion of the taxing power to publish this information to gratify curiosity. The new income tax law of the United States very properly forbids the collectors from furnishing to any person the amount of the income tax returns. It is an intrusion upon the privacy of a person's life, and justice to a citizen who has made up and confided to the public official a strictly private matter, such as is the amount of his income, and his compliance with the law is made a vehicle of exposure. The amount of a person's income is a strictly private matter, with which others are not concerned, and which no man desires to be made public. It is time that the Commonwealth of Virginia, the guardian of the welfare of its people should take for itself a respectable position in regard to its tax laws, and not expose its citizens to unnecessary publicity. The State of Virginia have driven out of the State enough capital already, and it is certainly bad policy to enforce them in such a way as to make them more odious than they are at present. It is absurd to say that the Commonwealth requires the assistance of the newspapers to compel people to make proper income tax returns; if the Commonwealth intends such publication, it should do it through its own officers. If the law is enacted which prohibits the State officers and the newspapers from publishing these returns, the public deal of harm, but apart from this the Commonwealth should protect its citizens from the needless exposure of their most private affairs. FELIX P. JONES.

Richmond, Va., August 13.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Old Coins.
List of coins from inquiry, Alice H. A. L. T., and Mrs. L. V. contain no items worth enough to pay for selling.

Presidential Necrology.
Please tell us what Presidents' wives died in the White House. Where was President Monroe first buried? MRS. R. G. H. Mrs. John Tyler, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, in the Second Avenue Cemetery, between Second and Third Streets, New York City.

Wealth of Nations.
What is the richest nation in the world? How does the United States compare with other nations in this respect? MRS. R. G. H. The United States stands first. The other great nations come in the following order: Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Spain, Netherlands, Portugal, Switzerland.

Incident of the Crater.
At the battle of Crater a Federal general had his wooden leg carried off by a cannon ball and was captured. The Confederates made a song with the incident as a topic. Would it be possible for you to find for me the words? CURIOUS.

We have never come across it. Can any reader supply the words?

THE BRIGHT SIDE

Its Status.
"They are seizing the motor cars of tourists abroad. I understand."
"Yes, an automobilizing movement, so to speak."—Baltimore American.

Contradictory.
The fat man leans against the house.
And thus it can be seen
He's fat because he eats too much.
And that's what makes him lean.

No Base Fiddle, He.
A young dog named Fiddle
Refused to accept of a fiddle.
"For," said he, "it's enough to be Fiddle.
Without being Fiddle, D. D."
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Middle Course.
Senator Root was discussing the Mexican situation.
"Steer a middle course," he said to an extremist. "These extreme ideas are always wrong."
"Thus, at a tea, one young girl asked another: 'And where are you going this summer, dear?'"
"From the way mother talks," was the reply. "You see, she's going to Newport. From the way father talks you'd think we were going to starve. But I suppose we'll steer a middle course, as usual, and put in a fortnight at a \$12 Atlantic City boarding-house."—Washington Star.

In Memoriam—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.
(For The Times-Dispatch.)
She is not dead, don't think it so.
Only slipped away with a smile.
Some years back, not long ago,
He bade her come, with a happy smile
She put her hand in his tender grasp.
They linked together, through the years that came,
He strengthened by her gentle clasp,
She proud to bear his name.

She a woman, tender, true,
In every varied walk of life.
Her way was like the white rose hue.
So free from any fret or strife.
From joy and all the tender things,
Given her by those whose lives she blest,
She asked for what, from her, indeed, was rare,
A little season just of rest.

From the White House of a nation's pride,
She stepped into the white home of God.
From her husband's hand she drew her aide,
For him, oh! Father, it is very hard.
'Twas her the fleecy clouds to dry the people's tears.

Who weep to-day with him, "our nation's head,"
Great God, the author of our hopes, not fears,
'Twas Thou who said, "Peace, be not afraid."

May that peace, gentle, like a river,
Flow in the husband's heart, and daughters', too.
Though their hearts are sore and spirits quiver,
Let Thy mercy fall like crystal dew.
I am glad she went just as she did,
In glorious morn, not gloomy eve.
Not one thought or purpose marred or hid,
She wanted others to receive.

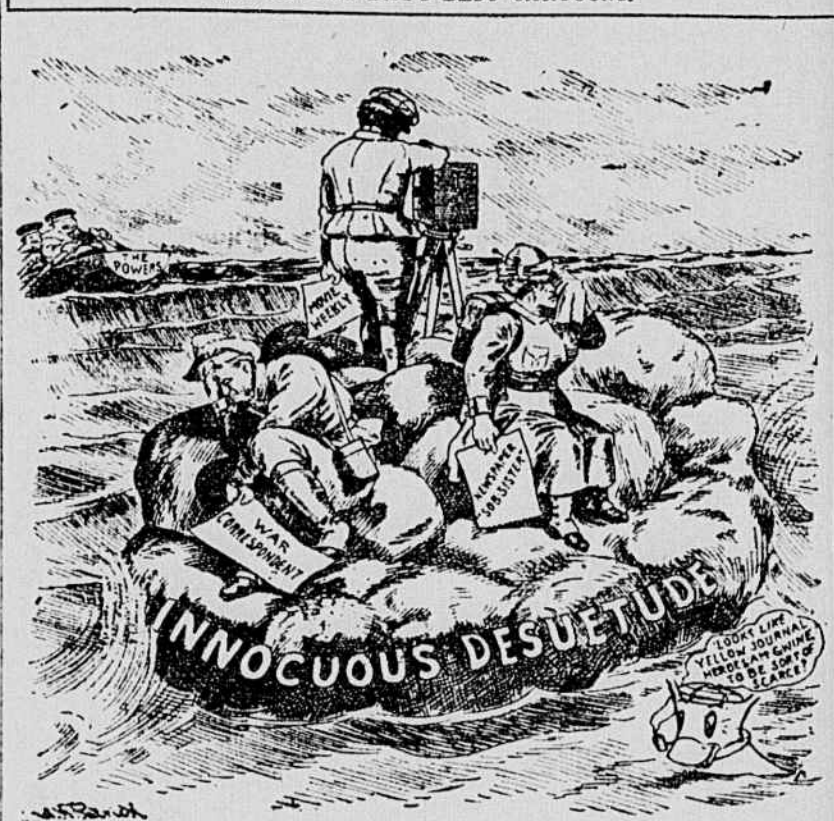
The beauty of her life will linger long.
In lovely homes and castle hall.
Beloved alike by weak and strong,
She ever tried to help them all.
Look upward, see the sunlit land
Of full fruition, of life's hope and love.
Where she is waiting to hold her husband's hand,
Forever in God's "white house" above.

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2500 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va.

MAROONED!

ONE OF THE DAY'S BEST CARTOONS.



From the New Orleans Times-Picayune.

The Trey O' Hearts

Romantic Tale by Louis Joseph Vance

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

By arrangement with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, it is possible to read "The Trey O' Hearts" in the Times-Dispatch. The story is a romantic tale of a young man, Alan Law, who is marooned on a small island in the middle of a vast ocean. He is looking out at a large, dark, and ominous ship on the horizon. The man has a worried expression. The ship has a single light on its mast and is surrounded by a dark, swirling mass of water. The cartoon is signed 'J.D.' in the bottom right corner.

CHAPTER VII.—ROSE.
Since that event, the man had succeeded in losing himself completely. In seeking shelter from the thunderstorm, he had lost touch with his only known and found on clearly marked landmarks. Then, after a night passed without a fire in the lee of a ragged bluff, he had wakened to discover the sun rising in the west, and the rest of the universe sympathetically upside-down, and aimlessly ever since he had stumbled and blundered in the maze of those grimly retired fastnesses, for the last few hours haunted by a fear of falling reason—possessed by a notion that he was dogged by furtive enemies—and within the last hour the puppet of blind will.

But even as he strove to calm himself and rest, the feeling that something was peering at him from behind a mask of undergrowth grew intolerably acute. He shivered uncontrollably. At length he jumped up, glared wildly at the spot where that something no longer was, flung himself frantically through the brush in pursuit of it, and found nothing. With a great effort he pulled himself together, clamped his teeth upon the promise not again to give way to hallucinations, and turned back to the clearing.

There, upon the log on which he had rested, he found—but refused to believe he saw—a playing card, a Trey of Hearts, face up in the sun-glare. With a gesture of horror, Alan Law fled the place.

While the sounds of his flight were still loud a grinning half-breed guide still like a shadow to the log, laughed derisively after the fugitive, picked up and pocketed the card, and set out in triumph, carrying a load of supplies.

An hour later, topping a ridge of rising ground, Alan caught from the hollow on its farther side the music of clashing waters. Tortured by thirst, he began at once to descend in reckless haste.

What was at first a gentle slope covered with waist-deep brush and carpeted with leaved ferns, grew more declivity, a mossy hillside, as steep as a roof, bare of underbrush, and sparsely now with small cedars through whose ranks, cool blue waters twinkled far below.

The shelving moss-beds afforded treacherous footing: Alan was glad now and then of the support of a cedar, but these grew ever smaller, and more widely spaced and were not always convenient to his hand. He came abruptly and at headlong pace within sight of the caves of a cliff—and precisely then the hillside seemed to slip from under him. His heels flourished in the air, his back thumped a bed of pebbles (thinly overgrown with moss), the acute angle of the most-skin broke, he began to slide—grasped at random a youngish cedar which strayed him imperceptibly, coming away with all its roots, and caught at another, more substantial—and amid a shower of loose stones shot out over the edge and down a drop of more than thirty feet.

He was instantaneously aware of the sun, a molten ball wheeling madly in the cup of the turquoise sky. Then dark waters closed over him. He came up struggling and gasping, and struck out for something dark that rode the waters near at hand—something vaguely resembling a canoe. But his strength was largely spent, his breath had been driven out of him by the force of the fall, and he had swallowed much water—while the field of his consciousness was stricken with confusion.

Within a stroke of an outstretched paddle, he flung up a hand and went down again. Instantly one occupant of the canoe, a young and very beautiful woman in a man's hunting clothes, spoke a sharp word of command and, as her guide steadied the vessel with his paddle, rose in her place so surely that she scarcely disturbed the nice balance of the little craft, and curved her little body over the bow, head foremost in the pool.

Mr. Law had, in point of fact, endured more than he knew, more than even a weathered woodsman could have borne without suffering. Eight hours of such heavy woods-walking as he had put in to escape the forest fire, would have served to prostrate almost any man; add to this (ignoring a dozen other mental, nervous and physical strains) merely the fact that he had been half-drowned.

He experienced a little fever, a little delirium, then blank slumbers of exhaustion. He awoke in dark night, wholly unaware that thirty-six hours had passed since his fall. This last, how-

(Continued To-morrow)